

Some Broken Things by [getonwithit](#) ([windex_aftershave](#)), [windex_aftershave](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016), The Lost Boys (Movies)

Genre: Canon-Typical Violence, Crossover, I just like the lore of both fandoms, M/M, Reincarnation, So im taking billy and throwing him in, and especially like TLB, and he didnt deserve what stranger things did to him, and reincarnation au, but not really, cause i think he would fit in well with the group, enjoy, im a sucker for soulmate au, so this is the dumpster fire i spit out

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, David (Lost Boys), Dwayne (Lost Boys), Marko (Lost Boys), Max (Lost Boys), Paul (Lost Boys)

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Summary:

Billy isn't exactly who everyone seems to think he is. The world thinks he's dead, and with that comes the opportunity to leave Hawkins for good and make his way back to his real home. A little bit of angst can go a long way and Billy's no stranger to hardship. We live a little, we learn a little, and with a little extra effort on Billy's part, maybe we can once again begin to love a little- for the first time in a very, very long time.

1. Third time's the charm

[image]

After the mall had fallen into disrepair, and everyone thought him to be dead he fled. What else was he supposed to do? His bridges were burnt after all. He had behaved like a monster, he WAS a monster, and he didn't want to stay any longer than he already had. Billy Hargrove knew he wasn't normal, he had known so for years. More years than should be physically possible for a boy his age. Luckily for him, Billy had the uncanny talent for coming back time and time again after his death. Some would call it reincarnation, Billy really and truly didn't care what it was called, just that it was yet another opportunity for revenge, and somehow he had managed to live to 17. Such a feat doesn't seem difficult to reach, but time and time again he had managed to fall into death's grasp before he had ever truly lived. This time he was older, stronger, and he would be damned if he let the opportunity to go back home slip from his grasp once again.

The first time he recalls being aware of exactly who he is and was the summer of 1911, where he had been so unlucky as to be born into a relatively large immigrant family that had settled into a small apartment in New York City. Of course, he had been sent to work as a paper peddler as soon as he was old enough to care for himself. The job paid little and it seemed as if he sometimes had left home with more money than he returned with. At the age of 13 in the dead of night, it was as if all his memories came back at once. Memories so concrete and detailed he had no choice but to accept them as truth. His life ended as many seem to three years later without warning and much more painful than anyone would wish. A neighbor had managed to set a fire that moved too quickly to put out. His family never had a chance to find the stairway before it was consumed in flames.

It happened again in 1925, how can a life like his go as planned, he knew better, really and truly he did, but that cannot, should not, stop a boy from hoping. He and his family had been living in Colorado for as long as he could remember, maybe even his whole life. They had a

small farm where they would grow and sell corn just as many families in the area did at the time... then 1930 came and with it, the dust. So much dust. Their crops wouldn't hold, they had no money to speak of, and there was so. much. Dust. He remembers it, remembers breathing it in and trying so hard to blink it out of his eyes. He remembers shoving blankets into the door and window frames during storms and hearing his mother cry in the kitchen late at night. He remembers going to sleep one night at 10 years old and never waking up.

So here he is, and as they say, 3rd time's the charm... He does hope whoever "they" are is right. He had already left California once because of his asshole of a dad and would rather never have to see the guy again. He would have run away then too but he was only about 15 at the time, and he had Max to watch out for. He can take it, he knows how to take a hit, how to build a wall between himself and his emotions... He knows how to keep himself in one piece around his dad, but he'll be damned before Max learns to do the same. She shouldn't have to, nobody should, especially not her. But he's dead now, he's laying in the rubble of what used to be a mall and he's dead, or at least that's what everyone thinks. Hell, that's what he thought too, how does a guy survive being stabbed through the chest and having his hands and ribs shredded apart by bones? Is that what that gross spider thing had for teeth, was it bones? He doesn't know, what he does know is he wants to go home and his wounds are scabbing over with some sort of black stuff that feels suspiciously similar to tar... And now that he thinks about it, is he even breathing? Does he need to breathe? Is his heart beating...yes, slow. Good. So, as he was saying, he wants to go home, and home sure as hell is not Hawkins Indiana.

His first stop was New York. Old habits die hard and even after lifetimes, Billy had learned to keep his treasured things close but far away enough for comfort. So, he made a stop at Doyers street, where he had found a loose brick so many years ago, and wisely decided to place a tin of his most prized possessions. It wasn't much and was nothing of value, a newspaper clipping, a few dollar coins, and a small photograph of himself and his friends sold to him for 5 cents by a mobile photographer. He had known to not spend the money at the time, but the boy was a romantic at heart, and small tokens spoke to

him, even if he couldn't understand why they whispered "keep me" "cherish me", he did. So, he placed back the brick that was only decades younger than himself and made way to Colorado, trading out his blue Camero for a black Ducati S4, not quite his style, he'd decided, but much more practical for his travels than such a large car. Another problem he ran into soon after he left Hawkins was his intense aversion to sunlight, It wasn't as though he couldn't be in direct light, but it made him uncomfortable to be in it for any period of time like there were bugs under his skin... It didn't feel like his body was his own. So, he traveled at night and made it to an old oak that looked to be in the middle of nowhere. Billy knew better, He knows for a fact that if he were to walk just 6 minutes West he would be standing on the porch of his old home were it to still be standing. He gathered his things- just a trinket of a cowboy toy and a worn picture of his family hidden in the base of the tree and was once again on his way.

He hadn't bothered keeping any memorabilia from his life this time around. There were pictures of his mother left in his room back in Hawkins alongside a piece of sea glass he remembers finding when he was 7 years old, but he couldn't exactly go back to retrieve them. He had hated the majority of this life anyways, his mother, the only good thing in his life, had abandoned him because of his dad and he got paired up with a stepsister who had the same name as the person he had carried hate for nearly 100 years. It's not her fault, the kid is great in his opinion, a bit too stubborn for her own good, but he'd be a hypocrite to hold that against her. It's a shame he had to leave her, but he wouldn't want to put her in any more danger than she's already in with her weird friends. He isn't much different from them now, or maybe just that girl El. She could do some freaky mind stuff and it seemed like he's been doing a lot of that lately. Sometimes he wakes up and it's almost like the darkness is expanding like he can move it, control it. Sometimes he wonders just what he can do with it, is it solid? Can it be manipulated to be a solid force rather than just the shadow that he's been seeing? The more he works with it the more it seems like maybe it is. Maybe even after the Flayer's death, he kept a part of its power in him. Is it that far of a reach to think so? It was in his mind so long, it lived there, carved out space for itself and its power to grow, to become ingrained in him, like a stream of consciousness he had always had but was never aware of until now.

As he travels he practices, practices reading the thoughts of unsuspecting drivers he passes and making the man sitting across the diner see a bug on his plate that was never there. It's almost become a game for him. How extravagant can he make the hallucination, how far can he make someone walk before they realize they're going the wrong way, how mangled can he make the fork he stole from the diner using the shadows alone? He doesn't know, it seems like the more he practices, the more he can do with little effort on his part. All he can think now is, is he still able to break down a brick wall? Is he still that durable, He did manage to live at the mall, and he's learned since then that that black tar stuff was his blood, or what's replaced it by now. As far as he can tell he's not entirely human anymore. From the looks of it, he can't age, and whenever he uses his abilities a little too strongly, his veins will turn black and his eyes will blow out black too. That's freaked some people out in the past, but who would they tell? It could be a trick on the eyes for all they know, and he's sure he'll need all the practice he can get once he's arrived in Santa Carla. Only a few more miles and he'll be there. It looks so different now, but 100 years can do that to the best of places. So here he is, passing the sign in the summer of 1987, "Welcome to Santa Carla" it says "*Murder Capitol of the World*". Looks like the boys have been busy. It's time to go home.

2. Pity For the Broken Men

Summary for the Chapter:

More insight on the past, powers, and most of all, rage.

The Boys had been on their way to the west coast for well over three years by now and were desperate for money as always. A while back in Santa Maria they had stumbled across a company that had oh so generously left their coin bag on an unattended horse. The boys had been inclined to borrow it of course. Sure, they were no strangers to finding their own meals but once they got to the next town over it would be nice to rest in a warm bed for a change. Then Paul just had to get caught. He always thought of himself to be such a good pickpocket. Of course, Emery knew better, all the boys knew better, but nobody had near the amount of experience as Emery did catching his friend red-handed reaching for his partners' tobacco- not that the asshole could do anything with it, he didn't even have paper. But that doesn't matter much anymore. Now they're here in front of a fancy-ass hotel, guns held high and aimed at a rather... wealthy looking man who is holding Paul much too tight for their liking.

In the front of their little posse stood David, as always, Marco was always too pissed to talk with a level head and Emery has always been more of what people might call a "doer", speaking all friendly with someone who he'd much rather put a bullet sized hole in wasn't exactly the top of his skill set.

David took a casual step forward, hand hovering over his gun. "It seems like we might've gotten off on the wrong foot. You see, Paul there knows better than to pull such cheap tricks on a gentleman such as yourself- don't you Paulie?" He doesn't know how David can speak so casually to a guy like that. The man looks like old money if he ever saw it. They lived off of men like him. They'd have stolen his pocket watch before he spared them a second glance if it weren't for Paul being so piss poor at his job.

David gave him a sideways glance. Of course, he knew what he was thinking. David always knew what he was thinking, they were a team, after all, opposite sides of the same coin is what they liked to call it. "I would appreciate it if we could talk this over in a civilized manner" he continued while glancing at the crossroad just feet away "preferably away from prying eyes."

The man smiled a greasy smile "of course, how rude of me!" he'd exclaimed. Emery noted the way the man's hand tightened over Paul's bicep. His fingers were turning purple. "Please do come inside. We will continue this conversation in my office."

The way he said it- like he was an actor in one of those plays the boys sometimes snuck in to or watch. That's when it dawned on him, this is all a joke to the guy. He's playing them and they're walking into his trap without a choice. Paul's fingers are turning purple and this guy doesn't look like he has lifted anything of significant weight in his entire life. David caught his eye with a wink. Eye contact for a split second, saying 'It's okay' 'I know what I'm doing,' I'll handle this.' So much bravado, so much confidence. He spared Marco a wary glance. He looked pissed.

Billy woke with a start glancing wide-eyed around his room that was comprised only of a small washroom, bed, dresser, and four walls of smoke-stained floral wallpaper. The stuff was a monstrosity for sure but the room was cheap and he wasn't about to pass up sleeping on an actual mattress when the opportunity presented itself. Tonight is going to be his night, seeing as he had arrived so late the night before not much exploring had been done aside from finding himself a place to rest his head. He'd observed the night before that the town's hot-spot so to say was the boardwalk, and while that was on his list, his plan leaned more towards seeing the old sites first, and maybe in the process, finding out what his old pal Max has been up to recently.

Hopping on his bike, Billy made a bee-line towards the beach. The chances that the roads he remembers are still intact in a town like this don't seem too likely and last night when he looked out towards the lighthouse, he hadn't seen any other buildings nearby. That means one thing, his own personal "Hotel California" is gone, but the itch to visit the site is driving him crazy. So, here he is, weaving down the beach, about to head up a rather recently traveled path into the trees and onto a clearing directly over the cliff's edge. Yep, no hotels in sight, just a pile of rocks where it used to stand... must've gone down with about half the city in '06. If he thinks about it, it could still all be there under the rubble. And there's an oh so convenient flight of stairs and bridge leading directly to the mouth of the cave? Too convenient, even with the fencing and warning signs positioned around the area. If the area was really and truly condemned, there's no way the entrance would be maintained so well. It's not like he can just walk in there either though. It's only about 9 pm and the sky is still purple with the slow retreat of the sun. Unfortunately, it looks like the next few hours are going to be more boring than he planned. There is no way in hell he's leaving this place without investigating the cavern but Billy's not stupid either. If he goes in there and it's not empty, he's cornered. He won't know the tunnels and all he'll be able to do is manipulate the shadows to his advantage... which is a rather large advantage but still, not worth the risk.

Not much has changed but the sky after an hour and a half. Billy had opted to roll his bike (and thus himself) into the nearby treeline to hide a little better considering the road he is on is the only path to and from the cave. Hearing some hooting and hollering from the direction, Billy refocuses towards the entrance and thanks whatever God there is that something is *finally happening*. He didn't realize how easily he gets bored before he faced himself with the task of doing absolutely nothing for over an hour, but look how it pays off! There they are, his boys in all their rag-tag glory. Marko and Paul are first, of course, stumbling over each other in a race to nothing as per usual. Then comes Dwayne in a casual stroll behind the two maniacs that

seem to have tumbled over in the time hes looked away, and finally, David. Managing to appear every part the leader to the gang even when last in line. They've all changed so much yet not at all, it makes Billy's heart ache a little... but he knows he's changed too. Hell, they're all barely recognizable. He wonders how they'll see him- considering they think he's dead and all... With that thought he starts up his bike, gaining the attention of the four vampires.

"Of course that would gain their fucking attention." he scolds himself quietly. With that thought he speeds back down the bluff and towards the boardwalk, hoping to be out of sight before the boys catch up... Guess it's time to see where max has been. He smiles

Notes for the Chapter:

Alrighty guys! as noted here is a new and improved chapter 2. The storyline isn't changing I promise, I just really didn't like how the first post of this chapter came out as well as the POV I had it in. We're back to 3rd person and I am planning on keeping it that way. Thanks so much for treading and I hope to be back in no more than a week with a 3rd chapter for you guys. Thanks for the patience and as always, constructive criticism is invited and appreciated.

Thank you again, and enjoy!

-M

3. Fom the Fruit of the Vine

Walking into the hotel was much like being transported to a place wholly different from that of their minimal experiences outside their own social class. They stuck out like a sore thumb in the extravagant building with a fountain of all things in the center of its lobby. Seriously, Emery thought, who needs a fountain on the California coast? The answer is obviously both nobody and the snake of a man currently inviting (or demanding) the boys to take a seat in his office from behind a much too large oak desk. The guy really is giving him the creeps. He's not sure exactly what it is considering how harmless, almost weak, he appeared... and yet the man radiated danger from his all-knowing smile right down to his shiny shoes. Every instinct in him was screaming to get himself and his boys out of that room as fast as possible. These thoughts were running through his head as he and David refused their seats while the others followed their lead. If it was difficult for their little groups' hierarchy to be read before- it was surely transparent now. That's fine by Emery though, the more attention on him, the less he has to worry about his boys. It's not that he is happy about David getting equal parts attention as him, but he knows at the end of the day, David will bargain with his silver tongue. Emery will enter the conversation much like one would enter a fistfight- always willing to throw the first punch, and he'll be damned if he doesn't throw the last as well. Plainly speaking, Emery knows that this meeting will end with the attention centered on himself, and he's not beyond hoping that his boys will be left alone in the process.

Of course, he wasn't wrong, the attention of a man he knows now to be "Maximus" was all on him now. Unfortunately, that left his boys to be sent to a guest room while he remained in the small enclosed space with a man who behaved much like the cat who caught the canary... He prays to a God he doesn't believe in that the canary doesn't turn out to be his boys.

Looking back at it now he still can't remember much of what was discussed between himself and max. Something like "I think you and your little 'posse' would like it here if you were to give it a chance." "I know they see you as their leader- though I don't understand why- if you were to be willing to settle down here and work for me they

would follow" " Five boys without a mother!? Now then, you all can't be much above 18 years of age! A boy needs a parental figure after all!" That last one always got him. Who was Max to tell them what they did and didn't need when he was willing to talk to and treat them in the way he did? Absolutely ridiculous, bordering on laughable even. Regardless, Billy's never much been one for remembering words. More so the general feeling of an experience seeing as he tends to be ruled much more dominantly by his own emotions than words. Of course, that can prove a problem in arguments when verbatim quotes and such are needed, but he'd honestly prefer to fight it out rather than debate anyways, it was just easier. The people who really and truly care for him wouldn't care about making him recite what they said word-for-word anyways. They would just *listen* when he tells them something is right or wrong and his reasoning behind it. No need to prove anything. God, he misses his boys.

He misses the way they would be able to read him, so willing to listen and try to understand. He remembers moving through life like a pack of wolves, so prepared to back each other up as they had at the hotel. Moving so fluidly, Billy's sure they must've been a sight to anyone watching the group from afar. If he is being honest with himself, they behaved much like the Flayer forced himself and every other person under its control to. Symbiotic in nature, but that was different, there was no true decision in that behavior, just a bunch of puppets, incapable of escaping the prison curated for them in their own bodies. It's nauseating to think about- the way he was- is responsible for so much death. *Wasteful*. It's not that he believes in any God or other higher beings, holding him responsible, forcing remorse. He knows what his friends are. They are in the simplest of terms, predators, made for killing; and yet, that killing isn't *waste*. In the end, that's what he cares about. Waste of power, waste of energy, waste of time, things he has become all too familiar with in his multiple lives on this earth.

Making the conscious effort to let off the gas a bit, Billy's bike nears the pier, lined with shops and facing the ocean, he can see the boardwalk not half a mile ahead. Around 10 pm, the waterfront is

still as lively as it was when he'd left earlier. Less young kids and elderly people, but busy all the same. Deciding to slow his bike to a crawl, he takes his time checking the faces of passers-by and storefronts. As expected, the place is littered with restaurants, rental shacks, and clothing shops ranging from leatherwear to bathing suits. and tucked between one of those stores and a small alley is a video storefront reading "Video Max". Looking inside, the place is full to the brim with VHS tapes and T.V.'s playing music videos and cartoons it seems. *Trendy*. Behind the counter is a pretty girl, adamantly talking to a couple ready for checkout and- **Max**. Max is there, stocking the shelves, wearing shoulder pads and a pair of dorky glasses that he definitely doesn't need.

He stopped his bike without much thought, opting to park himself between two already parked cars in hopes of hiding in plain sight, pulling the shadows just a little bit closer in on himself. Funnily enough, just like Max was doing. A rattlesnake, sitting in wait under an overturned tree. An opportunistic killer made to deceive, but Billy is not prey anymore, he has to remember. They are on equal grounds, and what he's doing now isn't hiding, this is stalking. This is learning, and waiting, and *scheming*. Something Max had no problem doing to his boys. And Billy will be damned if he allows it to happen again. No, this time he will be prepared and he will wait. Max is stocking the shelves and merrily stopping to converse with his customers every once in a while. Painfully normal.

There is nothing to win here. Catching the guy by surprise will be no fun at all, it would be entirely unsatisfying without the chase. He will have to drag this out. He will have to let him know he's back.

With that thought, Billy makes the split-second decision to shut off his bike and head inside careful to push the shadows away from himself and appear as human as possible. Stepping up to the door, he quickly assesses himself, giving his hair a quick muss, cigarette in mouth, and shirt just a *little* too low. Disrespectful and unassuming is what he's trying to play at, and from the looks of the customers, it's working. He's not buying anything tonight, just making his way towards the western section to flip through some movies. An inside joke of his own, hopefully just on the cusp of hitting too close to home. Taking a long drag, he busies himself looking over a small

selection starring Clint Eastwood, making sure to throw his head back as he exhales the smoke directly above himself. *Arrogant*. Turning around he catches the blushing cashier's eye. Quickly throwing her a wink, he grins widely when she hastily redirects her eyes to the counter. Grin still plastered on his face, Billy decides to take one more glance around the store before his leave, making direct eye contact with Max, who looks torn between being pissed and confused, his smile turns sharp, more akin to a baring of teeth than a grin. It's time to leave, he thinks, wouldn't be good to overstay, he's made his presence known. Now all he has to do is wait a while, let the old man's thoughts fester like an open wound. Then he'll be back. That's a promise he can be 100% confident in as he stomps out his smoke and mounts his bike. No matter how long it may take, he always comes back.

Notes for the Chapter:

An apology for definitely NOT updating as often as I should, this one's a couple hundred longer than the two previous chapters. as always constructive criticism is not only welcome but very much so appreciated. Thanks again for reading!

-M

Author's Note:

Bare with me on this one please it's my first posted fic and I usually just daydream without writing it down so this is definitely new for me. Thanks for reading! -M